

# The Roundup

THE ARIZONA REPUBLICAN

SUNDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 4, 1921



## COSMOPOLITAN HICKS

A DESCRIPTION OF A NUMBER OF PESTS FOUND IN EVERY GOOD NEIGHBORHOOD...THE CHAMPIONS OF CIVIC DEVELOPMENT HAVE OVERLOOKED THESE BIRDS...WE DON'T WISH THEM ANY HARM BUT WE HOPE THEY CHOKE!!



OH, SOLE MIO!! OH, SOLE MIO!!

THIS "NUT" GETS UP AT 5 O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING—ESPECIALLY ON SUNDAY—AND HOLDS FORTH UNTIL THE SUN SETS. NOBODY CAN SLEEP IN THE ENTIRE NEIGHBORHOOD.

MOWING THE LAWN AT 5:30 A.M. IS A FAVORITE STUNT AROUND TOWN..

ONLY TWO ACRES O' THIS T'DO. AN' THE SUN AINT EVEN IN SIGHT YET!!



CLANK!! BANG!!

DON'T PICK OUT TWO A.M. FOR A TIME TO TEST OUT YOUR FLIVVER. YOU'RE PRETTY LIABLE TO TEST OUT THE MORGUE IF YOU KEEP IT UP...

"PRETTY GOOD FER ONE MORNIN' I'LL SAY. ONLY '947 TRIPS BOTH WAYS B'TWEEN MONROE 'N McDOWELL 'N SHE'S SHOWIN' A FEW SPEED EV'RY TRIP!!"



BANG!!

(SOUNDS LIKE A 12 INCH COAST DEFENSE RIFLE)

A BACK-FIRING MOTORCYCLE IS VERY CONDUCTIVE TO SLEEP IN THE EARLY MORN.



"G'WAY FIDO!! G'WAY!!"

IF YOU HAVE ONE OF THESE MAN-EATING HOUNDS IN YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD PACK YOUR BLUNDERBUS AND NEXT TIME GIVE HIM A 'TREATMENT' WITH BOTH BARRELS...

DO YOU EVER TRIM YOUR STREET TREES?—OR DO YOU LET YOURS GROW DOWN TO THE SIDEWALK AND THEN CUSS YOUR NEIGHBOR BECAUSE HE DOES LIKEWISE?

ARE YOU ONE OF THE BIRDS WHO LEAVES THE SPRINKLER GOING OUT ON THE SIDEWALK AND THEN FORGETS ABOUT IT?

## QUESTION!—WHEN IS A STATE OFFICE NOT A JOB???



STATE WINDOW-WASHER, IN ACT OF PERFORMING HIS MINISTERIAL DUTIES.



CUSTODIAN OF DUST, EXERCISING HIS EXECUTIVE ABILITY.



SAFEGUARDING THE PUBLIC HEALTH. PRESIDENT OF SCRUBBING DIVISION.



JANITOR, EXERCISING JUDICIAL FUNCTIONS. HIS JUDGMENT HAS BEEN SERIOUSLY QUESTIONED.



OFFICER MOWING LAWN. THIS COMES UNDER ADMINISTRATIVE DUTIES.



DON'T FEED THE CACTUS

STATE TREASURER—GUARDING OUR NATURAL RESOURCES

## THE ROUNDUP RHYME

By F. F. M.

It's hard for a booster to change his style and put on another dress,  
And call the village he's living in the "City of Selfishness,"  
But when he thinks of the various pests that make his life a fright  
He feels like jumping upon his hat and daring the world to fight!

There's the fellow who never thinks of a haircut for his lawn  
Until some day when he's climbed from bed just an hour before the dawn;  
And the guy who tunes his Henry car in the gray of half-past five  
When all the neighbors in seven blocks are anxious to eat him alive;

And the business man who reads his book while his sprinkler wets the walk  
As every pedestrian on the street through the mud and dirt must walk;  
And the mutt who lets his palm leaves droop until they catch the eye  
Or scratch the face of every one who happens to ramble by;

There's the motorcycle enthusiast who never, never thinks  
Of the folks next door who are trying hard to get their forty winks;  
There's the yodler, too, with his raucous voice, and the woman across the way  
Who believes a player piano tune is the way to start the day.

So let us unite on the Phoenix pests while we sneak up to the door  
To hand them a package of good, hard knocks that will last them forevermore.  
For they never think of the Golden Rule like other people do,  
And what they have done to the writer of this they have often done to you!



'HE'S GOT RID OF 'EM BOYS, LET'S GO IN!!



'WHEW!! THOUGHT THEM BIRDS 'D NEVER GO, 'N GOOD LIVE CUSTOMERS WAITIN' TOO!!

FALL BUSINESS

'C'M IN BOYS!! TH' COAST IS CLEAR!!

"THE GLOOMS HAVE GONE"